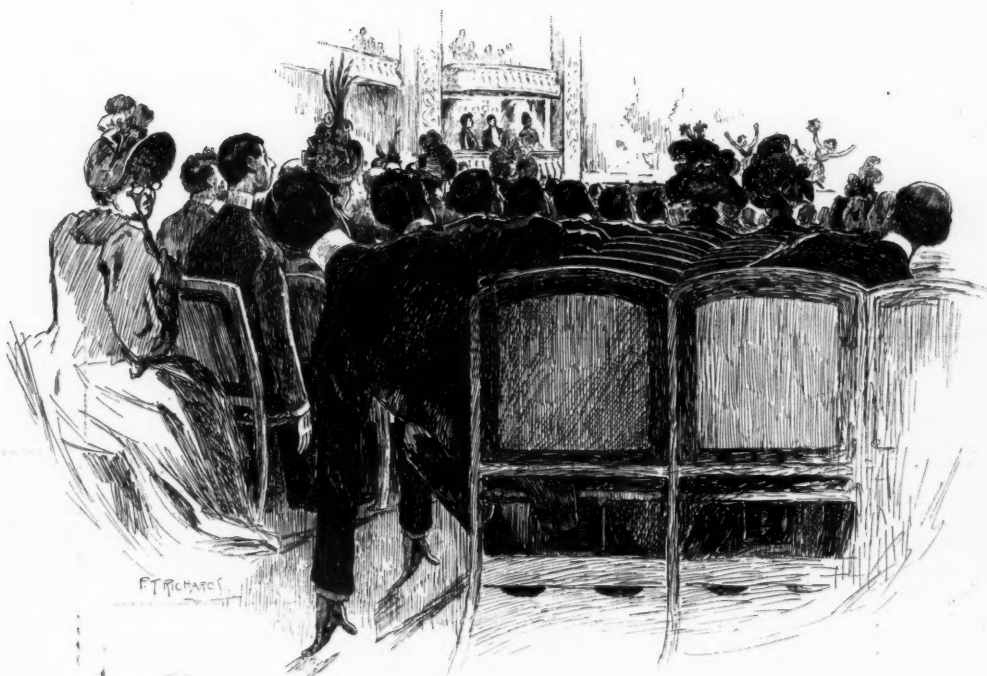
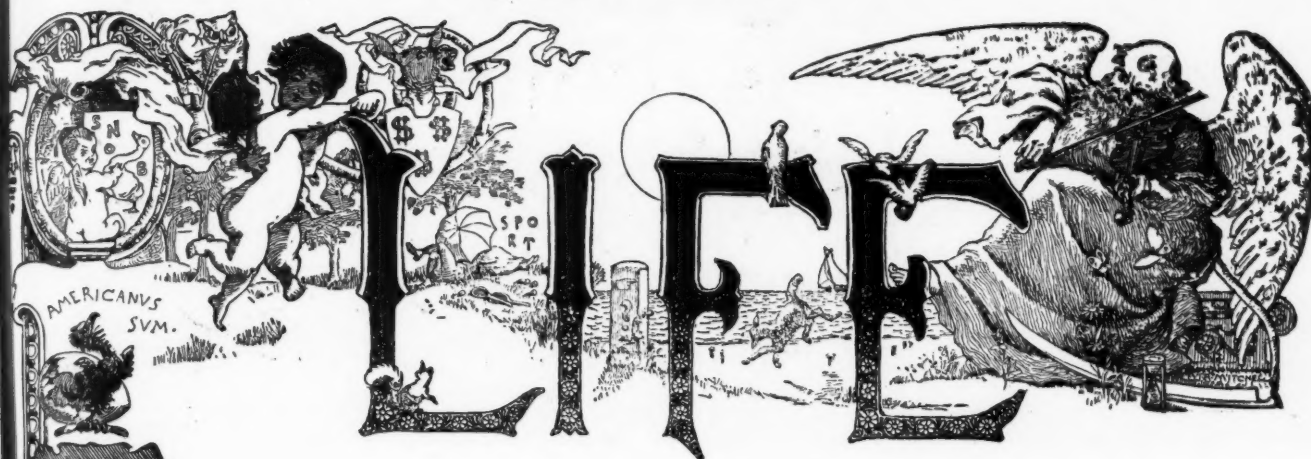


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AT THE THEATRE.

AREN'T THOSE HIGH HATS PRETTY?

AND ISN'T THE AMERICAN GIRL A SWEET, LOVELY, UNSELFISH DARLING?

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OUR INFERENCE.

"BERNHARDT is to soon appear in this country in Cleopatra."

"What role does she take? The *Asp*?"

A DIFFERENCE.

YESTERDAY she turned away,
Everything seemed dark and gray—

Now she is my fiancée.
Life seems all a holiday.
I don't want it yesterday,
And it's not.

* * * *

Now my hair has turned to gray,
And my wife's long bills I pay,
Life don't seem a holiday—
Ergo, now, I sadly say,
Oh, that it were yesterday!
But it's not.

—Sherman Morse.

"IS Haggiebury original in his writings?"

"Very. He writes sonnets of a column in length and all his quatrains have six lines."



C. Carleton

GUESSES AT TRUTH.

He: HERE, DARLING, IS THE RING. I'VE HAD "*Mizpah*" ENGRAVED IN IT.

She: WHAT DOES THAT MEAN, JOHN?

He: OH, IT'S THE THING FOR ENGAGEMENT RINGS, YOU KNOW, —BELIEVE IT MEANS "*When shall we three meet again?*" OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT.

QUITE LIKE.

THE fashionable evening dress
For ladies, 'minds me, I confess,
Of him who said: "Enough for one
Is quite enough for two, my son."

ALL HOPE ABANDON.

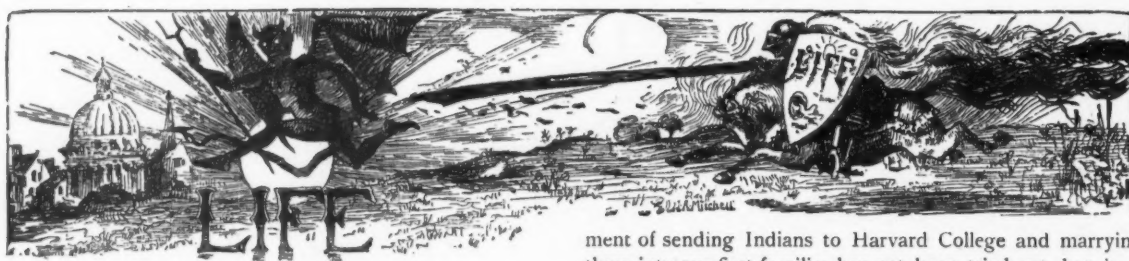
POET (*meekly*): I should like to leave this little poem for your inspection. I suppose a good many poems are left here.

EDITOR (*gruffly*): Yes—and so are the fellows who want us to buy them.



WHERE, INDEED!

Very Rude Boy: SAY, YOU BERGINNERS OUGHT TO HAVE A POND FOR YERSELFS. WHERE'D YER BE IF ONE OF US SKATERS RUNNED INTER YER?



"While there's Life there's Hope."

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OF all the friends of the Indian and civilizers of him, Miss Elaine Goodale stands well up in the front of the front rank. She really believes that the aborigine has good materials in him, and she has demonstrated the faith that is in her by agreeing to be joined to one of them in holy matrimony. Not having any personal knowledge of the gentleman whom Miss Goodale is to marry, LIFE might hesitate whether to felicitate her on her good fortune or her grit; but Dr. Eastman—that is the gentleman's name—is commended so cheerfully and so much in detail by so many authorities that the natural conclusion is that Miss Goodale's good luck has stood by her.

IT is worth noting here how great a difference there is between our red and our other colored brethren from a matrimonial point of view. It is a fact, is it not, that when a white woman marries a negro her venture inspires us with very different feelings than if she marries an Indian? Our estimate of the negro and the Indian races is that they are both inferior, but the inferiority of the Indian, which shows in his inaptitude for civilized life and unwillingness to work, has always inspired more or less of our respect. We often feel about him, and not seldom on good grounds, that he has the feelings of a gentleman, and our sentiments toward him take the form of sympathy for him as a person who has known better days. We would be glad to do something for him if we could, and perhaps the time is coming when we can.

FOR if Mrs. Goodale's experiment proves that our native red man makes a good husband, what is there to hinder marrying him off in quantities to the American girl? The government is bound to educate and clothe him, and make him marketable. The American girl has shown that she likes novelty in a husband, and why should a chief be less acceptable to her than an Italian prince? The experi-

ment of sending Indians to Harvard College and marrying them into our first families has not been tried yet, but it is worth trying, for fashion might make it go, and if it went, the Indian question would be solved.

IT seems that Mr. Rudyard Kipling has been writing impressions of the United States, and that they fail in some particulars of giving satisfaction. LIFE regrets to notice that some worthy people have been so far put out by them as to speak with extreme unkindness of Mr. Kipling and even to call him names. But we all know that what Mr. Kipling knows about us amounts to very little, so why should we enrage ourselves even though he fails sometimes to say the right thing. Let us contain ourselves, remembering that Mr. Kipling has written a lot of mighty pleasant stories, which we have enjoyed very largely at his expense. If there is anything that he can say about us that will make him in any degree oblivious to the fact that we have never paid him his price for his stories we ought to be only too glad to have him say it.

THAT is a novel proposition that the New York State Board of Arbitration made in its annual report to the Legislature—that railroad employees be enlisted for stated periods, and be not allowed to be dismissed—unless for cause—or to abandon their job until their time is up, or their resignation has been accepted. The State Board has been at much expense of time and money in ineffectual attempts to settle railroad strikes, and has concluded, after full experience, that prevention is better than cure. It calls attention to the absurdity of allowing citizens of other states to come into the State of New York and boss her railroad strikes (as happened last summer), and holds that the Empire State has the power, if she will use it, so to regulate the relations between railroads and their employees that trains may be run with certainty, and the service of the public secured. LIFE wishes that it could believe that the Legislature would take the Board's suggestions into serious consideration. The railroad strike is an industry that is played out, and a law, that while securing sure protection to the men, would provide for dealing with a strike as with a mutiny, would be a great blow to the walking delegate, and a proportionate boon to the people.

SO Col. Bancroft is not to coach Harvard's crew! Then why don't they send some man to England to learn to row? Is defeat to be perpetually uninstructional to the crimson?

A MODERN LOVE SCENE.

HE (with dignified composure): Why are you so disagreeable, Helen?

SHE (artlessly surprised): Disagreeable? Am I?

HE (as before): Always—to me.

SHE (carelessly): Indeed? But, luckily it is a grievance you are not obliged to bear.

HE (resignedly): You certainly seem anything but kind and polite.

SHE: Thank you, very much.

HE (restlessly): Oh, I don't know that it is your fault. Of course, people spoil you; they flatter your vanity.

SHE: Am I vain, too?

SHE (opening her eyes on him): Hope of what?

HE (desperately): That you will some time be my wife.

SHE (thoughtfully): Disagreeable, impolite, unkind, vain, worldly, selfish and cruel. (With tenderness) You poor boy, is that the sort of a woman you would like to marry? Do you mean it, Arthur?

HE (clutching her hand): Yes, oh, yes! May I hope, Helen?

SHE: I am afraid, dear, I could never live up, that is, down, to your ideal, but if you like to take me, hampered with virtues you don't dream of, perhaps I can acquire, by degrees, the faults you love me for.

HE (rapturously): Oh, Helen, dear, you are quite bad enough—I mean I am quite good enough—I mean —



"YES—JEST—THAT'S RIGHT."

HE (warming to the subject): Are you? How could you be otherwise in the frivolous, worldly life you live—the poor little round of dancing and dressing—you have no choice but to be vain and worldly.

SHE (smiling slightly): Dear me!

HE (throwing prudence to the winds): Yes—jest—that is right. You are too selfish, too cruel, to care whom you hurt. Go on, Helen.

SHE (suddenly serious): But if I hurt you so, why do you seek this pain? Why did you come up to-night, for instance?

HE (impetuously): I came because—Helen, you well know why—because I can't stay away! And I love you so. (Pleadingly) Dearest, I am willing to wait—but, give me hope—just a little.

SHE (consolingly): I know you do, dearest. I knew it from the first.

Madeline S. Bridges.

A PHENOMENON OF DAILY OCCURRENCE.

TEACHER: How long can a human being go without air?

BRIGHT BOY: Six hours. My pa says so.

TEACHER: Dear me, how is that possible?

BRIGHT BOY: He went from New York to Boston in a Pullman car.

· LIFE ·

BOOK BUSINESS

OLIVE SCHREINER'S SECOND BOOK.

IT is very easy to confound a mystical and ponderously serious statement of commonplace things with wisdom and profundity—and that will probably be the fate of Olive Schreiner's new book, "Dreams" (Roberts Bros.) This young woman wrote the morbid protest of a poetic mind against a material environment which she called "The Story of an African Farm." The book was supposed to be "emancipated" and "advanced." Young men and women thought they found in it depths of philosophy; it was a book to speak of solemnly and to discuss impressively when you wished to appear wise. But really the things of worth in it are the strange setting of the tale, the photographic reproduction of odd characters, and the vivid expression of one or two deep emotions and passions. The philosophy of it is the kind which studious sophomores used to spin by the hour to each other, ten years ago, after having read their first volume of Spencer.

So in this second venture, "Dreams," Miss Schreiner seems to have taken seriously the praise of her philosophy—and has written a series of allegorical maunderings in poetic prose. Love, and Life, and Joy, and the Good, the True, and the Beautiful—all personified with capitals—have been made interesting by one or two great masters of allegory—but it takes a great deal more than capital letters and melodious prose to accomplish it. What readers really want from Miss Schreiner is another South African landscape, another Kraal, with rough Boers and sad women, and savage negroes moving about it.

There are two of these sketches, however, that have a value of their own as fanciful writing—"Three Dreams in a Desert," and "A Dream of Wild Bees."

ADMIRERS of Kipling are apt to overlook the little volume called "Under the Deodars"—containing five rather unpleasant tales in which, as the author expresses it, "the men and women are playing tennis with the Seventh Commandment." Yet two of them are made attractive by the presence of the inimitable *Mrs. Hauksbee*, who is as fine a creature in her way as the great *Mulvaney*. Her aphorisms on the ways of the world are worthy at times of *Becky Sharp*—as when she says that "a well-educated sense of Humour will save a woman when religion, training, and home influences fail; and we may all need salvation sometimes."

To see *Mrs. Hauksbee* at her best, however, one must read the story in the Christmas London *Illustrated News*, entitled "Mrs. Hauksbee Sits Out"—where that woman's skill in managing men is displayed on a large field of battle, and her generalship is played against the Viceroy himself.

Droch.

THE "Educational Review," published by Messrs. Henry Holt and Company, and of which the January number is the first issue, promises to be the leading educational periodical of the United States. It is well edited, thoroughly independent, handsomely printed, and deals with topics not only of interest to professional educators, but to every one who cares to mark the progress of educational methods.

NEW BOOKS.

A BALL NIGHT. By Carit et lar. New York: The Minerva Publishing Company.

Almost Persuaded. By Will N. Harlen. New York: The Minerva Publishing Company.

The Wonderful Adventures of Phra, the Phœnician. Retold by Edwin Lester Arnold. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Ballads. By Robert Louis Stevenson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Stand Fast, Craig-Royston! By William Black. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The Harvard Index. 1890-91. Boston: Alfred Mudge and Son.

Her Love and His Life. By F. W. Robinson. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Political Americanisms. By Charles Ledyard Norton. New York and London: Longmans, Green and Company.

The Fruits of Culture. By Count Leo Tolstoi. Boston: Benj. R. Tucker.

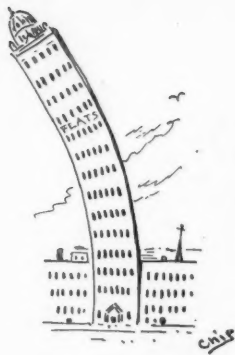
Arcade Echoes. Collected and arranged by Thomas L. Wood. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.



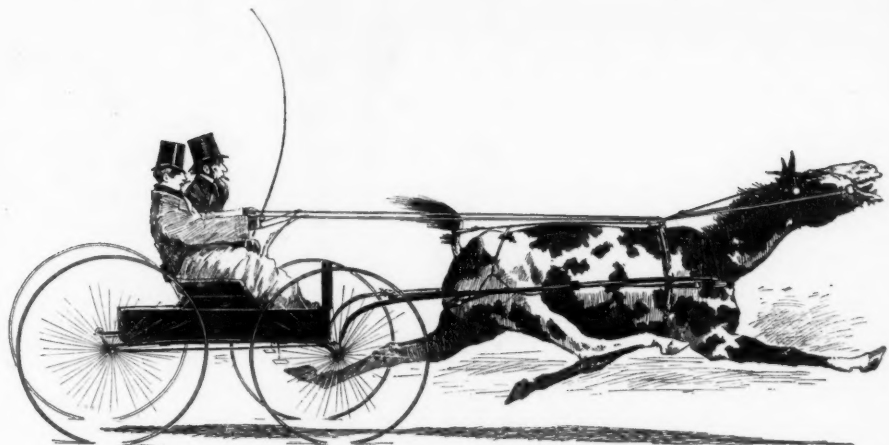
A LAST RESOURCE.

The Standing One: WHERE SHALL WE GO THIS AFTERNOON? WE HAVE DONE ALL THE PLAYS, SEEN EVERY BARGAIN IN TOWN, AND DON'T OWE A CALL.

The Sitting One (resignedly): THEN I SUPPOSE WE SHALL HAVE TO LOOK AT SOME PICTURES.



A BUILDER'S LIEN.



SHOWING OFF THE PACER.

"HE'S NOT ONLY SPEEDY, UNCLE NATE, BUT I'VE GOT HIM TRAINED SO THAT HE OBEYS THE LEAST WORD. WATCH HIM NOW——"



AN OPENING NIGHT.



"——WHOA!"

THE HORRORS OF WAR.

MISS ALICE: They say it's a great treat to hear you sing the regimental songs, Captain Warhorse.

CAPTAIN WARHORSE: Come home with us after the games, Miss Alice, and you may judge for yourself. You know my favorite—"We drank from the same Canteen?"

MISS ALICE: Oh, I do love that song! It gives one such a vivid realization of the hardships of those terrible days, to think that one canteen had to hold enough for two Seventh Regiment men.

ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.

VAN DUSEN (*rejected*): You have made me desperate! My death will lie at your door, for before to-morrow dawns I shall blow my brains out!

AMY: Oh, I don't think there's the slightest danger of that!



"SLEEPY HOLLER."





AT B IN THE WINTER, TRA-LA!



POLICE COURT DRAMAS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JUDGE REILLY O'DIVVER—A saloon-keeping, Irish, Catholic, Tammany, Democratic appointee of a saloon-backing, Irish, Catholic, Tammany, Democratic Mayor.

JERRY MCGUIRK—An Irish, Catholic, Tammany, Democratic clerk of the court, appointed by Judge O'Divver. Mr. McGuirk hopes to realize enough from the position to set up a saloon of his own.

JUSTICE—Who has nothing to do with the case.

BAILIFFS, COPPERS, BUMS, *et al.*

HIS HONOR: Call the furrst case. Fwhat's the charge, officer?
POLICEMAN A.: Drunk and disorderly on the street. Resisting an officer.

HIS HONOR: Fwhat's your name, prisoner?

THE PRISONER: Gertrude Ellis.

HIS HONOR: Fwhat's your residence?

THE PRISONER: My home is in Detroit.

HIS HONOR: Fwhat are the circumstances, officer?

POLICEMAN A.: I found the prisoner, dead drunk, on the sidewalk at the corner of Broadway and Twenty-first street. I pulled her up on her feet to run her in when she struck at me and began to scream, and



AT LAST.

Mrs. Cobwigger: DID YOU EVER FIND A MAN UNDER THE BED?

Mrs. Merritt: YES, THE NIGHT WE THOUGHT THERE WERE BURGLARS IN THE HOUSE. I FOUND MY HUSBAND THERE.

I had to rap for my side-partner an' took the both of us to lug her to the station.

HIS HONOR: Fwhat have you to say, prisoner?

THE PRISONER: Believe me, sir. I had not been drinking. I have never tasted liquor. I was on my feet all day shopping. I have not been well and I think I must have fainted. The first thing I knew when I regained consciousness was that some one was shaking me roughly, and when I opened my eyes I saw the policeman and a crowd of people staring at me. I screamed and tried to get my arm away from him. He tore my clothing and rapped with his club on the sidewalk. Another policeman came and together they picked me up and carried me, with all that crowd following, to the station house. Here with my clothing almost torn off, another officer asked me some questions. I gave him the name of a friend of my husband's, who would gladly have come to identify me. He said I would have to give an officer two dollars to carry the message, but when I fell I had dropped my purse and I had no money. So they locked me in a cell with an awful creature suffering from *delirium tremens*, who used horrible language and screamed all the night through.

HIS HONOR: Fwhere were you stoppin'?

THE PRISONER: I only came here day before yesterday and was staying at a boarding-house.

HIS HONOR (*cunningly*): Fwhere is that boardin' house?

THE PRISONER: I do not know, sir. I am a perfect stranger here, and the address of the house was in the purse which I lost.

HIS HONOR: Too thin, too thin, me gay lady! Don't you attempt to desayve *this* court. Ten days; Mr. McGuirk—put it on the book—and the next time you want to have a little spree, keep off the street. (*The prisoner faints.*) Carry her out, officer. Throw a bucket of Croton over her an' she'll be all right. Nixt case.

POLICEMAN B.: Owen Dempsey, Michael Doolan, and Terence Hennessey. Assault. Hermann Meyer, Complainant.

HIS HONOR: Meyer, take the stand and be sworn.

THE COMPLAINANT: You see, Shudge, I vas an old man and lame in vun leek. I vas goin' up Tenth Evenue und dese boys stopped me und esked me for a quarter for beer. I tolt 'em I hed no money und den vun of dem says "Trow him down, McGluskey," und dey all drie jumped on me. Vun of dem chewed my ear, anutter vun kicked me und de utter vun took my silver watch vot my old mutter gafe me in the old guntry.

HIS HONOR: Don't you boys live up in my neighborhood?

ONE OF THE PRISONERS: Yes, your honor.

HIS HONOR: You belong to fwhat they call the Red Gang, don't you?

ONE OF THE PRISONERS: Yes, your honor.

HIS HONOR: I thought so. As bad a lot as iver went unhung and ivery mother's son of you is bound straight for the State Prison. I'll give you three a good start. Dempsey, I'll give you—

THE CLERK (*whispering*): A letter from the Mayor's Office, yer honor.

HIS HONOR (*after reading the note*): H'm. Now boys ye're gittin' altogether too bysterous in your play. Fwhy don't you chase goats or do somethin' innocent like that? Ye're discharged. Meyer, you're too old a man to interfere with the boys' sports. Remimber that you was young yoursilf wanst. Nixt case.

BILLY O'RORY: Mornin', Judge. How much? Same as last time?

HIS HONOR: Fwhat was it? Fifty? Mr. McGuirk, enter William O'Rory, fifty dollars fine, keeping a disorderly house. (*Aside.*) How's business, Billy?

BILLY O'RORY (*also aside*): I ain't got no reason to com-

NOT THE ODOR OF SANCTITY.

THE rector of one of our most wealthy and fashionable congregations was seated with his family at the Sunday dinner-table, deeply engaged in a discussion as to the probable cause of a peculiar and unpleasant odor which had permeated the church during the last few services.

After the inquiry had completely exhausted the subject of drains, defective plumbing, and insufficient ventilation, a youthful scion broke out with: "Say, you don't suppose we could smell those chickens, do you?"

"What chickens do you mean, Robby?" asked his father.

"Why, you know; the chickens that the new sexton is raising in the cold air box of the furnace."



Maguire (day laborer): I DO BE THINKIN' I HOV A MASH IN THE WINDY BEYANT; IV'RY BLISSSED MOR-R-RNIN' DO SHE BE SITTING THERE AN' A WATCHIN' FOR-R ME, DO YEZ MOIND NOW.

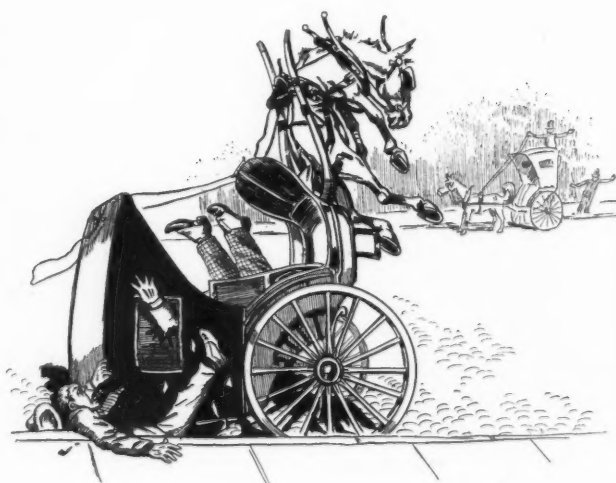
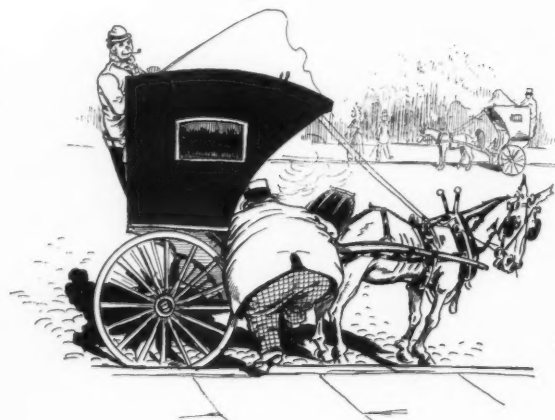
EXPRESSIVE.

JONES: Does he look like a countryman?

ADAMS: Does he? He looks like a composite picture of all the inhabitants of New Jersey.

THE MANHATTAN CLUB—The Policeman's.

A COMBINATION OF CIRCUMSTANCES.





"You claim that you were insane when you proposed to her?"
 "Yes, sir."
 "Can you prove it?"
 "Yes, sir."
 "How?"
 "By producing the plaintiff in court and letting the jury look at her."—*Exchange*.

The following are samples of the replies received by the Superintendent of the Census to his requests for statistics concerning our mining industries:

"In answer to your questions, I would say that, so far as I know, the mine of which I have the honor to be sole owner has never produced a red cent, although three former owners committed suicide after vain endeavors to make the d—d thing pay. In order to avoid a similar fate I have secured a flattering position as chief bar-tender and concocter of liquid delights in Billy Scott's popular Art Gallery and Gambling Palace. If you ever come out this way, hunt me up. I'll give you the d—d mine."

"Only the Almighty can get any silver out of my mine. It has all characteristics of a silver bonanza—except the silver. However, I hope

to strike the vein some day, and, in the meantime, may I strike you for the loan of five dollars?"

"The name of my mine is 'U. B. Damned,' and all I can say to your questions as to its value is to repeat the name. The only things I have got from said mine are a sore back, a sour temper, and fifteen hundred dollars' worth of debts. If you know any misguided man who would like a mine free of charge, refer him to me. I will give him one-half of the 'U. B. Damned,' and for your trouble I will make you a present of the other half."

"The superintendent is ded drunk, he allays is, the secretary is in jale for assolt and battery on the undersigned. I am sick in Bed from the Effects, and a go to h—ll feeling hangs aroun this shanty. good buy."

In the time of the Second Empire, there had been, at Compiègne, a great and elegant hunting-party, with a tremendous massacre of hares and pheasants and other game. Standing in chosen spots, the emperor and his followers had the game driven up before them, and had nothing to do but shoot it down. These high-born hunters had but to stoop to pick up the game that they shot; but they did not even do as much as that. Their valets, dressed in picturesque costumes, went about picking up their game for them. As the hunters returned after the day's sport, it was noticed that Prosper Merimée, who was one of the party, was the only one whose servant was not laden with game. He was left completely in the lurch, as it were, without having taken as much as a sparrow. "Well, well!" his literary fellows exclaimed; "how did they manage to get away from you?" "When game is so plenty as that," said Merimée, gravely, "the merit of a marksman lies in hitting nothing. So I fired between the birds."—*Argonaut*.

Young Americans

Who do not wish to lose their hair before they are forty, must begin to look after their scalps before they are twenty.—*N. Y. Medical Record*.

PREVENT
BALDNESS

Dermatologists tell us that: The chief requirement of the hair is cleanliness—thorough shampooing for women once a fortnight, and for men once a week, and that the best agent for the purpose is

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